

20.

20.

20.

with a view to turn them aside, there

contradicted—"True. But I am unfashionable."

Q. "I wish the brat was out of the way," said

I counter to them, and whatever they are, and

may be of to others.

"The Pursuit of Happiness."

This is the last of the three things particularly specified in the Declaration of Independence, as being among the unalienable rights of man. The pursuit of happiness, then, is a right, in every man, which cannot be alienated without resort to oppressive measures. Our object, in this chapter, is not to discuss the truth or falsity of the position taken by the immortal author of the declaration, nor to make that a starting point from which to trace the progress of that principle, through the intervening years, up to the present time, to see how it has been lived up to by those for whose benefit the patriots who adopted it devoted their substance and their lives. We do not now propose to look through the different sections of the country, from the 4th of July, 1776, to see and to tell the innumerable instances in which this principle has been violated by men, because they had the power to do it. We only propose to consider the mistakes which men and women make, in the courses they take and the modes they adopt, in the pursuit.

Happiness is the grand object of every one who starts in the race of life; and the next important object is, to overtake it with the least effort and the shortest interval of delay. The world of mankind, up to the present time, have been so much more physical than intellectual—so much more animal than spiritual, that the mass of mind, with all its energies, has been directed to the acquisition of those things which are produced by physical labor, for the sustenance and adornment of the exterior man. Happiness is seen by a great proportion of mankind in the possession of wealth, by which all the means of sensual enjoyment may be procured. They willingly forego present enjoyment on a small scale, for the promise which hope holds out in the distance, of a long life of luxury, ease and lordly sway over their fellow men, which observation has taught them are the concomitants of wealth. And up to the present moment, it may be truly said, nine-tenths of the *minds* of the world—not nines-tenths of the *mind* of the world—are devoted almost exclusively to the acquirement of that supposed all-important desideratum.

Let us take a position at some public corner, or by the side of some fashionable thoroughfare, and inspect the countenances of those who must have reached the goal of happiness, in this line of pursuit, if any have ever found it on this race-course. There comes a superb carriage, drawn by four richly caparisoned horses, with a coachman in livery, and a pair of lords and nabobs in countries where the millions are vassals and slaves to the tens. Who is it? Ah! I see—it is Hoarder, the great flour dealer and banker. He is said to be worth three millions of dollars. If wealth can produce happiness, this man must be happy. See, he has his wife, his son, his daughter, his son-in-law and his daughter-in-law with him. They are all clad in the richest raiment, and the choicest of everything that the earth produces, is at their command. Now let us look closely into their countenances, for assuredly happiness has chosen those hearts for its residence, and beams in those countenances, or it does not lie on that road. See—they have stopped. A courier has overtaken them—what is the matter? The senior gentleman smites his forehead as he reads the note. The two juniors look alarmed, and the ladies are all in tears. What can it be that has thus brought misery so suddenly to such a group of happy hearts? The note was a telegraphic communication, informing the Hon. Mr. Hoarder that the Insurance Company, in which he had half of his wealth invested, had failed on account of losses at the late great fire, and that the stock is totally worthless.

Why should they be so miserable? They have now a million and a half, which is one hundred times as much as they have any real necessity for. They have never yet tasted the happiness which they anticipated in the possession of wealth. It has always kept just so far in the distance.

The old gentleman, who, in starting on this pursuit, saw perfect happiness in the possession of an estate of fifty thousand dollars, was ten-fold more craving when he arrived at that point than he was at the start; and his avarice increased with his wealth, so that the time to stop accumulating and commence enjoying, was postponed as often as it arrived. There was always somebody, somewhere, that was richer than he; and he could not think of stopping as long as this was the case. He would never have consented to build that fine house in Marble street, or to set up such an establishment as this coach-and-four, if vain pride had not swelled the bosoms of his wife and daughters, as much as avarice corroded his own. They were continually unhappy because his parsimony prevented them from vying with fools of their class, in those evidences of affluence which meet the eye of the wayfarer, in the shape of magnificent palaces, gaudy trappings, and the snuff-boxes of aristocratic life. And he was rendered miserable, by day and by night, by the alternate teasings and growlings and snivelings of his daughters and their mother. There he was, a worshipper of Mammon, with no heart, no soul, but what was devoted, totally and exclusively, to that idol. Every dollar which he was compelled to part with, not expecting it to return to his coffers with its acquired fellow, brought a pang to his breast; and what was the acme of delight, in the anticipation of those aspiring members of his household, was the climax of misery to him. Two or three hundred thou-

sand dollars invested in property which was only to feed vanity, affording no crumb of comfort to avarice, was torment to his mind. There was, therefore, no unity of sentiment, no cordiality of feeling, no congeniality of any kind, existing between them. There was a splendid mansion, filled with magnificence; but there was little of intellect, and no harmony in it. Happiness never showed its bright countenance within those gorgeous apartments. And now a blow, which in reality, has but relieved them of one half of the source of their misery, has so lacerated their hearts that they would fain see the earth open and swallow them up. How can they bear such humiliation as to be thrust down from the three million grade, to that of one-and-a-half? Now those who ranged between those points will turn up scornful noses at those, as these did at those, under late circumstances. Need there be a more intolerable hell of misery than this? Now they must part with their palace; for Mr. Hoarder must have all the funds he can command, as a means of reinstating himself in the elevated position from which this ill luck has thrust him.

Now let us go into lower grades of life and see how it fares with those who pursue happiness in the same line, but with more limited aspirations. Here is a man worth twenty thousand dollars, which he has accumulated by years of industry, economy and sharp dealing. He is now all the way up, in circumstances, to the point at which his imagination had pictured the climax of happiness. Has he found it there? O, no—it has removed to a higher point, and he is laboring with all his powers to overtake it before it takes another leap towards the zenith. The associates of the family are of about the same grade, which grade is regulated, not by intellect or acquired knowledge, but by the size of piles. If wealth could produce happiness, this class might be happy; for they have plenty, and not so much as necessarily to make them slaves. But when we look among them, we see jealousies and envious of each other's success in accumulation. We hear them speak disrespectfully of each other. We see them trying to get the advantage, one of the other, and they vie with each other in stripping the laboring classes of the fruits of their toil. We look for the happiness which their easy circumstances might be expected to produce, and we see them straining their eyes to discover it at an inaccessible elevation above their present pecuniary condition; for in nothing else can they think of looking for it. This class constitutes a sort of sub-aristocracy, with a kind of conventional constitution which is open to higher classes, but closed to all below, irrespective of intellect or moral worth, in either the ascending or descending case. So it is all the way down to the lowest class of what are termed thrifty mechanics, who are content with the pecuniary condition of the next class above, envying their happiness with grudging hearts, yet opening their doors invitingly to them, and shutting them against all below. Looking through the whole of these classes, and examining every individual of each class, not a happy one can be found. Every one is ready to make oath that he or she could be forever content and superlatively happy, in the next class above; but no one can abide his own condition. Thus it is with all who seek happiness in the possession of more than a competency of this world's goods. Still the millions are blindly chasing the flitting phantom, and will continue to chase it till they can be persuaded to listen to the teachings of a true philosophy. The teachers are abroad in the world, and pupils, willing to be taught, are beginning to register their names on the rolls of the schools; and there are flattering signs that a more happy state of things is approaching.

We find this subject lengthening as we proceed, so that it is impracticable to bring it to a close in a single chapter. With all we have said, we have only disposed of the principal highway which is vainly supposed, by all in whom the animal predominates over the intellectual and the spiritual, to lead to happiness. There are many others which are eagerly pursued by other classes, some of which will receive our attention on some future occasion.

Free Love and Spiritualism.

In one of the early editions of this journal, we gave our own sentiments on the subject of Free Love, as we understood the term. Our article on that subject was copied into several of our exchanges, the most of which, if we did not mistake them, remarked approvingly of the position we took. Among those by which it was republished, was the *Spiritual Universe*, an excellent Spiritual paper, published at Cleveland, Ohio.

It seems that the *Universe* is favored with a reader and contributor, whose name is BARRY; and it also appears that this Mr. BARRY took exceptions to our views of the subject, and was somewhat incensed with the editor of the *Universe* for giving our article to its readers. He insinuated, or broadly asserted, we now do not remember which, that we knew nothing about the subject of which we wrote, and seemed to claim a monopoly of all the knowledge thereunto pertaining. Now, inasmuch as we did not know that there was such a man in existence as this Mr. BARRY, and therefore could not know that we were infringing on exclusive right when we mentioned the subject of Free Love, we hope the explanation which we shall give will be deemed by him a sufficient atonement, and that he will be graciously pleased to pardon us for poking our spoon into his dish.

Had we known of Mr. B. and his monopoly, we should have felt it our duty, before offering our crude sentiments on the subject, to ask him what he intends the public shall understand by the term, Free Love. In the absence of that knowledge, we applied to it the defini-

tions which we saw applied to it by other writers on the subject; and we treated it as if it embraced the following characteristics:

Free Love is the free privilege of loving any and every one of the opposite sex conjugally, whether the lover or the loved be already conjugally connected or not. It is independent of and superior to all statute laws on the subject of marriage. It gives free privilege to any and every man to swap off his wife with another man, for his wife, or to go and leave his own wife and take his neighbors wife, if the latter do not object. It gives free privilege to every wife to leave her husband, and her children, if she have any, and throw herself into the arms of any other man who is base enough to open them for her reception, thus breaking up two families at once and forming two new connections, with not a shadow of prospect that the new will produce more happiness than the old, but with a certainty of bringing disgrace and misery upon those whom they have brought into the world under the first liaisons. It gives license to all those who are unmarried, to match themselves temporarily, in order to prove whether they are congenial or not, and to keep shifting partners as often as any little disagreement shall prove that they are not matched exactly in accordance with that natural affinity which alone can render a life liaison tolerable; and whilst these parties are thus shifting partners by way of experiment, the natural fruits of their intercourse are allowed to shift for themselves. It throws off the bond of parental duty, repudiates parental affection, ignores every idea of a certain posterity, and gives full rein to every freak and caprice which a libidinous nature might choose to christen by the name of congeniality. And it bestows upon Lust the hallowed name of Love, and starts it out with its lascivious eyes and its protruding cerebellum, to convince married pairs how fatally they have mismatched themselves, and how beautifully they may correct the error by forcibly dissolving the marriage contract, deserting their offspring, and forming new love-relations for a fortnight, under the Free Love system of mock spiritualism.

These being the definitions of Free Love, as we had learned them, we denounced it as another name for unbridled indulgence in an animal propensity, which the lawless of the human race carry to a greater extreme than any species of the brute creation. We considered the name as a cloak for disgusting lewdness and debasing immorality, and we exclaimed, in the integrity of our conscience: There is no spirituality under this cloak! Now, if we have been misinstructed in the nature of Free Love, and it means something that is pure and virtuous, instead of being all moral corruption and rottenness, we shall be happily undeceived when the indignant gentleman above alluded to shall see fit to tell the wondering world what Free Love is.

Mr. Davis' Lectures.

It will be expected of us to say something in our paper of the course of lectures delivered in this city, by ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS; but there is very little for us to say on the subject. To those who heard him, we can say nothing in commendation which their own sentiments have not already suggested, if they are honest and unprejudiced. And to those who did not hear him, it would be throwing away eulogy to speak our mind. Certainly, if they did not wish to hear him, they do not wish to hear of him. There are a few who would have attended his lectures and listened to them with pleasure and profit, as we did, but were kept away by the extreme severity of the weather. To such ones we are sorry to say they missed the greatest intellectual repast that has been served up to the citizens of Buffalo during the twenty years that we have resided here. Each of his lectures seemed like a stream of philosophical knowledge, pouring from an opened floodgate, pure and limpid as chrysal waters, and increasing in volume and celerity of motion, till it was cut off by forcibly shutting down the gate.

Those who best know Mr. Davis and his powers, will, we think, be least likely to deem us extravagant when we give it as our opinion that he has a greater fund of philosophical knowledge than any other man now living, and that he is the greatest reformer that has been known since the days of him of whom it was said: "He spoke as never man spake."

Of Mr. FOWLER, who lectured in the Theatre, on Sabbath afternoon, we can conscientiously say that he is a very able lecturer, and truly a young man of great promise. And really he deserves to be considered a moral hero, for venturing to sandwich his lecture between those of such a giant as DAVIS.

A Ripe Age.

We occasionally meet with extraordinary instances of longevity; that go a great way to convince us that the people of the present age, with a proper regard for their health, and a due respect to the rights of posterity, by the intermarriage of none but the healthy and vigorous, might live to count their years after the fashion of the good old days of Father Abraham and the patriarchs. Many instances are recorded of the present, where persons have lived beyond the period of a century, or a century and a half; and we have heard of an instant where a married couple (Swiss, we believe) lived together as man and wife for upwards of one hundred and fifty years. The daily papers of last week announced the fact that Judge John Woodhull, a resident of Lower Aqueduct, Suffolk county, L. I., was on the 7th day of January complimented with a public festival in honor of his 100th birthday. The Judge is in excellent health, a little deaf, but in capital spirits, and always entertaining to his friends. We hope he may live another century, if it would be any gratification to him. Why should not man live as long as a goose, or a toad?—E.

The Creation in six days.

From the Sacred Circle.

Communication through Doctor Dexter.

NATURE, when viewed with even a cursory glance, is full of objects and beauties which attract the intensest interest, and afford the highest enjoyment to the indifferent mind. The surface of creation appears as if in its present condition it had been developed from the beginning; as if the mountains have been thus fashioned from creation's origin; rivers run their ceaseless course from the beginning; forests remain the same, and grass has grown in the same places; as if God in the greatness of his power thus sent the world ready fashioned, ready dressed in all it offers to attract, please, or instruct, and that there has been no change or alteration from the period when it was first set in motion until the present time.

And this is not to be considered as singular or remarkable, for it is not the indifferent mind alone that so views creation. There are minds intelligent, learned, observant, who believe the world was created by the hands and fingers of the Almighty Father; that he began as a man builds a house, with laying one stone here, and another stone there, with planting one tree here and one tree there, with putting a sea here and an ocean there, dotting the space above with its various multitude of shining, twinkling stars, and that each and all of these various formations of his hand were the result of six days of hard work; like a common day-laborer, having no more omnipotent power or higher principles in his nature than to lay rock, by rock, strata on strata, mountains on mountains, as the mason lays his bricks one on another—that this was entirely a mechanical action, and the great God was a day-laborer.

Now, I say, it is not strange that the indifferent mind thus views nature in her single manifestations and in her totality, because the minds of every class, great or small, learned or ignorant, have been educated to believe that God made the world in six days, and on the seventh rested.

It appears to me, that in viewing the question as we should, something more is necessary than a mere arrangement of facts to convince the mind that this can not be so, that something of the great characteristics that distinguish God are to be understood and investigated. For although the results and effects of scientific investigation are to raise the mind upwards, and enable it to view the intention and design of our Creator in all he manifests before us with a more clear and comprehensive appreciation of what he is and what is his power, yet the mind instinctively asks, in there something behind, beyond, and above all this? It has been announced to you, that in our opinion your solar system was the latest of all the creations of God. You ask us how shall we persuade the masses of spirits can offer to man's senses no tangible proof that will convince, but they can give what they have seen and known, and if they speak the truth, the analogy—reasoning by analogies—must be conclusive.

There are other worlds and other solar systems floating in never-terminating space above and below, which have existed thousands of years; tens of thousands of years before this ball or planet, or other bodies which you see above you have been created; peopled, too, with rational, sentient, intelligent beings, connected with matter in all variety of shape, form and demonstration as you are, and these solar systems with just such, or a corresponding for motion and strata with the earth. Wherever you go, to what point you rove in creation's illimitable extent, you would find there the developed evidences of God's power, or those evidences which are progressing from the germ to the perfect thing itself.

No matter whether you ascend, as is said in your Bible, to heaven, or penetrate to hell, or take the wings of the morning and visit the extremity of your globe; descend to its center, or stand on the verge of its northern pole; wander in deep forests or ascend its loftiest mountains; wherever you go, with whatever you come in contact, you witness God's impress, and this one fact; take creation in all its parts, in every one of its worlds, its suns, moons, planets, or stars, it never stands still, never arrives at perfection, but is constantly, forever rolling onward, accumulating in its progress those attributes which develop newer and higher properties. Thus increasing, thus developing, it rolls onward and upward forever and ever.

But would it have been compatible with what we know of the nature of God, if when he had fashioned this earth, after six days of labor, he should have rested content with the fruits of his toil? Would it have been correspondent with what we know and see of the attributes which he manifests in the daily intercourse with ourselves? Saying nothing of creation in its vastness and magnitude, but descending to petty details of one man's life, would it be compatible with the evidences of newer designs, and from those designs, newer results that are silently and openly, hourly and daily, taking place in the lifetime of one man?

Why! he can not buy a dozen eggs and put them under his hens, but what the design, the effect, the intention is exemplified and demonstrated; and if the Almighty God descended to such minute evidences of design and intention, how is that design and intention hung out on the outward battlements of heaven, floating in the breezes that there blow, and its folds inscribed with the mighty purposes and objects which he has thus had in view!

My mind staggers like a weary traveler overloaded with his pack, as it contemplates the period at which the self-created God sprang, by the powers of his inherent might into being. The mind recoils back on itself and startles at the contemplation.

Think you, that if this Being whom you are taught to regard as capable of instituting laws for the government of creation, is also capable of violating the laws which himself established? Think you, I say, this Being could not have called a thousand flashing, radiant worlds, sparkling in your firmament above; think you he could not have called them from chaos ready fashioned and entirely perfected? No; not for then would he, who has manifested himself as indeed the source and germ of every thing, have lost the ability to have demonstrated the fact to the reason of man.

Spiritualism—Its Antiquity.

BY J. B. FERGUSON.

To the honest objector, we would offer a suggestion. Spiritual communication is a divine institution or appointment, or the foundation of every religion in this land is baseless. The Bible is a collection of spiritual communications, made through human angels, extending over a history of thousands of years. If its claims, in this respect, be true, spiritual communications must be the result of *Eternal Law*; the Law of God, respecting the unfolding and perfection of mind. We are not surprised to find, therefore, spiritual communion marking the tablet of every age, reaching over the unsearchable past, and antedating all reliable history. Its altars stand, or moulder, in silent eloquence, upon the hill-tops of every land. Not a sacred book of any people, that does not recognize it. Ever since death removed human beings from external vision, spirits have returned to influence and help those left behind. Hence, we find impressive persons, through whom spirit-messages of Wisdom and Love have been received among all nations, and in all ages. All along the line of the centuries, we see spiritual light, striving to enter the institutions of the world. Avarice and selfish assumption first denounce its mediums, then flatter, and alas! too often bribe them, into the shameless purposes that characterize the superstition and tyranny of every clime. Now, the den of lions opens to a Daniel, and then he is seated among the nobles of the realm. Now, Joseph is a dreamer in prison, and then, Viceroy of mighty Egypt. Now, Paul and Barnabas are mobbed by a rabble, and then, worshipped as gods. Now, Anaxagoras is followed by the most powerful Athenians as a philosopher, and then, persecuted and driven into exile, for impiety to the reigning divinity. Now, Socrates is honored as a moral philosopher, the wisest of men, then, ridiculed in a comedy, for magical arts, and then doomed to drink the hemlock. Now, Pilgrim Fathers profess inspiration to assert their rights as religious men, and then, burn witches for similar claims. "But wisdom is justified of her children," and the eternal laws of mind and matter make themselves known to all who desire to obey them. Except, sir, in periods of great and general corruption, such as have preceded some tremendous revolution in society, and the downfall of some world-encumbering State, whose vice has long exerted an unrestrained power, and where hypocrisy walks unblushingly upon the high places of the earth, the mass of mankind never are Sadducees; never doubt of "angel or spirit." The reasoning, heathen, and the feeling heart, everywhere admit that our claims to the sensual world are but temporary; that we belong, essentially, to a higher world, from which we have a divine birth, and towards which, through new scenes of development, unfolding new powers of action and enjoyment, we are pressing toward that perfection and purity we call God—more in adoration than in comprehension. Our spiritual affinities are in everything proclaimed. The order and regularity of the universe; the wonders and beauties of nature, find a response in every uncorrupted and cleansed heart, which utters its faith by day and by night. Faintly it is heard amid the monstrous creations of Oriental Mythology, and its light steals through the veil of error and fable that swell the soul of the Occidental hunter and warrior. The elegant and graceful forms of Grecian art proclaim it, and the rude Pagoda of Indus hides it not beneath its gorgeous trappings. It flowed in streams of heavenly eloquence from the lips of him for whom the city of Minerva mingled her darkest cup. It breathed from the Tuscan retreat of Cicero, and was proclaimed by Aurelius from the throne of the world. It was brought to light from the darkness of Jewish superstitions, by the return of the Holy Nazarine to the vision of hundreds of his friends. It is the wisdom of the Old Testament and the faith of the New.

But it is not asked, how it is possible for spirits to return, I answer, by the same method through which they leave the Egypt. How do they leave? Let the skeptic answer. If it be asked how can they converse? we answer, how can men converse on earth, thousands of miles apart, by an earthly telegraph? Are we told, by the medium of electricity? You have then our answer. And we press the inquiry by asking, if men, by a knowledge of an eternal principle of nature, can daguerotype a human countenance upon a metallic plate, think you it must be impossible for spirit-friends to stamp an idea, a thought, a sentence, a book, upon a human intellect? And which is the most reasonable, to suppose that God, in the constitution of his universe, left no means of communication for his children, or that he has given to all the agencies of reciprocal approach and friendship.

IT MUST BE MOST HORRIBLE!—We mean the idea of dying, to those who are rich in this world's goods, but who do not believe in a spiritual existence, in another sphere. TRUE FREEDOM.—First free the world which is in yourselves; be men, and you will be free! For all slavery is voluntary. No man can degrade those who are not willing to be degraded.

Inkerman.

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

The following lines, by a correspondent heretofore unknown to us, are composed in a free and vigorous style, which is seldom surpassed by the contributions to the newspaper press. We shall venture to anticipate other tokens of remembrance from the same source.—Ed.

War, war, war!
Who hath proclaimed it?
Who hath sustained it?
Bloody and black is the field of its strife;
Mother and sister, and daughter, and wife,
Sadly have named it
Grave of their glory, their pride and their life.

Down, down, down!
Fathers and brothers,
Husbands and lovers,
Strengthen with gore in the fierce battle fall;
Ghastly and gaunt is the ghost-haunted dell—
Lost to all others,
Silent forever, the brave-hearted dwell.

Dark, dark, dark!
Over them weeping,
Gloomy weaving,
War's crimson banner now cleaveth the air;
Kneeling beneath it the young and the fair,
Blank horror braving,
Seek for the lost and the beautiful there.

Woe, woe, woe!
Orphans are weeping,
Banners are trailing;
Shrieks rend the air with tempests wild and fell;
Moanings resound with the clashing of steel;
Brave hearts are falling—
Crushed beneath the tread of the conqueror's heel.

Haste, haste, haste!
Spirit, or Spirit—
All who inherit
Freedom and peace in the land of the blest—
Stay the wild passions that surge in man's breast,
Till war's wild spirit
Gory and grim, is forever at rest.

MARY.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra,	per bbl.	\$10.50@11.00
" com, to good, West'n,	"	9.00@9.50
" per sack,	"	4.62@5.25
Barley, extra,	per cwt.	4.50
Indian meal,	"	1.75
Pork, new,	\$13.50	old, \$13
" prime,	"	11.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt.	"	\$5.00
Fish, white,	"	8.25
" salt, fine,	hlf	4.25
" coarse,	"	2.00
" trout,	"	2.25
" hlf,	"	8.00
Eggs,	per doz.	30 @ 25
Butter,	per lb.	30 @ 25
Honey,	"	12 @ 15
Cheese,	"	8 @ 10c
Blackberries, dried,	"	10
Plums,	"	12 @ 15
Cherries,	"	12 @ 15
Currants,	"	12 @ 15
Cori,	per bush.	65 @ 67
Flax seed,	"	1.00 @ 1.25
Clover,	"	7.00
Timothy,	"	2.75 @ 3.00
Oats,	"	40 @ 42
Apples, dried,	"	1.15
" green,	"	50 @ 75
Potatoes,	"	87 @ 1.00
Onions,	"	75 @ 87
Dressed Chickens per lb.	"	9c
Turkeys	"	10c

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

JERIMAH CARTER, of Laona, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo, during the coming winter and has taken rooms at 53 Tipton st., between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 24th inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted. Sd

S DUDLEY & SONS,

51 MAIN STREET.

THESE subscribers have on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., many articles of which are expressly designed for STEAMBOATS, HOTELS and PRIVATE FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

PLANNED TABLE WARE.

To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Steam and Fish heaters, Soup Tureens, Dish Covers, &c., &c., which are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style, and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

We also have on hand an extra quality of

LEATHER HOSE.

OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE; also, FIRE ENGINES, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. R. WOLFELOW'S Renowned

PATENT STEAM SAFETY PUMP and FIRE ENGINE.

We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels.

A large quantity and assortment of STEAM and WATER GAUGES, and beautifully finished GONG BELLS.

For Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock.

We are likewise, prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK.

With our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction. S. DUDLEY & SONS, 111 51 Main street.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

JOURNEY to Central Africa, by Bayard Taylor, \$1.50.
Capt. Caine, or Twenty years of an African Slave, by Brande Meyer, \$1.25.
Sandwich Island Notes, \$1.
The Ancient Egyptians, by Wilkinson, \$2.
Sunny Memories, by Mrs. Stowe, \$2.
Fashion and Famine, \$1.
Lampbrush, \$1.
Epics of the Story Heavens, \$0.75.
The Ladies' Complete Guide to Crochet, Fan-cy Knitting and Needlework, by Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, \$0.75.
The Hermit's Dell, from the Diary of a Pen-ciler, \$1.
Spiritualism, by Judge Edmonds, \$1.25.
Fifty years in both hemispheres, \$1.25.
The American Cottage Builder, a series of Designs, Plans and Specifications, by John Bullock, \$1.75.
The Great Red Dragon, or Master Key to Popery, \$1.35.
On-hand Takings and Crayon Sketches, by Geo. W. Bungay, \$1.50.
The Flash Times of Alabama and Mississippi, a series of Sketches, by Jos. G. Baldwin, \$1.25.
Voices from the Spirit Land, 75 cents.
The Rappers, or the Mysteries, Fallacies and Absurdities of Spirit-Rapping, Table-Tipping, and Entrancement, 50 cents.
Slade's Travels in Turkey, \$1.
Party Letters: Sketches of Jefferson, Hamilton, Clay, Randolph, by J. G. Baldwin, \$1.
History of the Invasion of Spain, 37 cts.
The Romish Confessional, by Michael, 50 cts.
The Virginia Comedian, or old days in the Old Dominion, \$1.
The Cabin Boy's Story, a semi-nautical Romance, founded on Fact, \$1.
Fairburn, or the application of Cast and Wrought Iron to Building Purposes, \$1.
For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post-Office, 111 T. S. HAWKS.

The Age of Progress.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

At No. 204 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, payable in advance.

Single copies, five cents.

TEEMS OF ADVERTISING: For one square of sixteen lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

Buffalo Harmonical Association.

At the monthly meeting of the Association, held at their hall, Feb. 5th, 1855, a resolution was offered and unanimously adopted, tendering the thanks of the society to brother Andrew Jackson Davis, for his very able course of lectures, delivered in this city, on the Harmonical philosophy, and voting him a card of membership of the society.

The same expression and compliment were extended to brother Fowler, for the very acceptable address, which he gave us on Sabbath afternoon last.

The society further resolved that the spiritualists of the city of Buffalo, will be most happy to have either or both of these faithful laborers in the cause of spiritual progress, to visit them and lecture to them at any future time when it will suit their convenience.

WM. G. OLIVER, Pres.

WM. A. KIRBY, Sec.

Our Psychometrical Portrait.

We are truly grateful to our worthy friends, DUDLEY, PATRICK and BRITTON, the first for obtaining, and the others for publishing, our interior portraits, as given by Mrs. K. L. R. on holding in her hand a letter of ours to Mr. DUDLEY. The qualities attributed to us, are, doubtless, those which, of right, should have belonged to our metaphysical organism, but which, by the influence of circumstances, have probably fallen short of filling the measure of nature's design. We thank our friend Dudley for sending it to us. Were it the portrait of himself, or any other friend, we should give it a place in the *Age of Progress*; but as it is, modesty, for once, has managed to get the better of our vanity.

Spiritual Lectures.

We attended our little circle, at Mr. Brooks' on Thursday evening last, expecting to receive Mr. Smith's lecture on the wonderful manifestations in California. There were other persons present, and nothing was done till eight o'clock, when the spirit of Mr. SMITH announced its presence. He said: "I have concluded to let PROFESSOR DAYTON deliver the lecture on the strange events in California, because he comprehends and understands anatomical and physiological laws better than I do, and, therefore, can handle the subject more scientifically than I can. My next lecture will be on 'The Force and Extent of the Law of Nature.' This was to have been the subject of Professor DAYTON's lecture for next week's paper; but we have concluded to exchange subjects.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Lecture No. 4, by Edgar C. Dayton.

This lecture, as well as the others which we present to our readers, this week, as coming from disembodied spirits, was received by Mrs. Brooks, through the alphabet and raps, she sitting alone. It is remarkable how different conditions affect communicating spirits, or rather, how they affect the means by which they communicate. It will be seen that, whilst the lecture communicated by the spirit of Mrs. J. J. J., falls far short of DAYTON's lofty conceptions and depth of philosophy, her sentiments are expressed much more clearly. And whilst nothing can be more clear than Professor Dayton's lecture on human anatomy, which we published week before last, the one now published can hardly be said to be entirely free from dark points. This, however, instead of rendering dubious the fact of its proceeding from a disembodied spirit, strengthens that position materially, in the mind of the studious philosopher. While surrounding conditions render it impracticable for communicating spirits to get their ideas through the machinery of communication, unmarred, no conditions could prevent the incarnate counterfeiter from manufacturing his spurious coin.

God—Was God created? Matter—Was Matter created?

I wish it to be understood that, in the lecture which I am about to give on the above subject, I give you merely my own sentiments, as one who has labored to ascertain the truth, but who has yet scarcely matured a philosophy satisfactory to his own mind. You will, therefore, receive what I say in the spirit of toleration, and let your own faith be governed by your own logical deductions.

God was the first great cause; but what constitutes the organization and mind of God? All bodies and all things in their primary condition and in advanced stages of development, were and are composed of matter. Did matter exist before God? What is matter? Now the great question arises: Was God created, and is his spiritual organization composed of matter? Matter pervades all things. Creations have been made by the laws and principles of God. But the creations could not have had their existence, or cannot exist, without matter. God did not, nor could not, have his being without the highest order and most sublimated development of matter. The organization of God possesses the highest degree of superior matter. His mind, His power and perceptions, constitute a positive and a super-natural God. God is incomprehensible. His works are inconceivably glorious. His works harmonize with his laws and with nature. He

is called the first cause. He is called the originator of everything. But my belief, my mind, my powers of concentration and perception, my resources into science and philosophy, have led me to conclude, in harmony with my uncomprehending of the Deity, that matter existed before God. But when and where matter originated, or the beginning of time, God, perhaps, only knows.

If God is a progressive being, He cannot be perfect. Perfection, to my understanding, is beyond progress. I conceive that, when an object is most superlatively perfect, it cannot become more perfect. If God is a progressive being, then we must logically conclude that there is higher sublimated matter, which he inherits, and that he has not arrived at a point or position of perfection; that his laws, his attributes of intelligence, his comprehensions of matter, mind and creations, are not perfected. If God does progress, then this is my belief: That he was created, and that his creation and origin, was this: I believe that the laws of construction have been and are eternally fixed, and that the elements and principles of matter have always existed; and when arriving at such a perfect condition, they attracted together each atom of matter, and these atoms of matter united by the laws of gravitation and affinity, and created an intelligence, and that God was this intelligence, and the first, being that ever existed. I conceive that his organization was constructed of the highest order of matter then existing, and that he was the first great spiritual cause. His progression being greater than that of any other being, he has obtained the highest position of magnificence and power. His faculties, his perceptions, and his comprehensions, are, to all minds beneath him, incomparable and unbounded. The laws of nature and of the soul were not created by God, but they are essential developments of the divine essence or perfected matter. They are the outer creations of the organization of God. God is the great positive magnet, and every other object in nature, or in all creations, are negative; their attraction of progression being centered in God. If God is the first principle of life, inherent in the constitution of matter, then he cannot progress; because we must, from this law of construction, clothe him in the attribute of perfection. Perfection being the ultimate condition, he could not, by any law of creation, progress beyond that state. Every attribute of his spirit, his intelligence, his power and the beauty of his organization, must have the same divine principle or element, which is perfection. Perfection is all in all, it is everything. God is an invisible being, the great unknown. God is the infinite fount of life and causation. All outer and inner things proceed from an invisible source, and this source is the highest organization of matter; and the highest organization of matter is God.

The problem to be solved, the mystery to be unraveled, is this: Is God a progressive being, or is he not a progressive being? If he is not, then I believe him to be coeval with matter; and that he was not created, but has from eternity existed and will exist through eternity. This, however, is not my opinion. I believe that man is a part of the superlative constitution of God, as all matter, in the construction of the human soul, as well as all universes, emanates from God. God is the noblest organization of matter, and inherits all matter still higher than himself. And as he receives matter more sublimated than his own construction, he continually throws off matter. This matter which escapes his organization, descends to the next lower sphere of development, and is diffused through other spiritual constructions of mind and body; and these minds and forms throw off matter, and the matter escaping their organizations, descends to the next lower, and so on, until each system and each mind of every sphere of development, throws off and receives matter; the matter thrown off makes other progressions; and the matter received progresses the spirit in refinement and wisdom. So all human matter or organizations emanate from God.

The inner being of man is constructed by the attractive properties of the matter of his own constitution, and the more refined matter emanating from God. Man feels within his apathetic soul a germ of divine intelligence; and by studying the laws of God, it unfolds and stimulates to exercise his faculties of perception. We know from nature that man progresses; and the question now arising is, does God progress? We look through the infinitude of vast creations, and when we study the principles of our own being, we see that progression is the vital action of development, and that development is the propelling and stimulating power of refinement. We discover progression, development, refinement, association and perception, to be actuating principles of the human: soul its vitalizing influence is the ruling element of the human mind. Nature progresses—Mind progresses—and if the same laws of creation control the spiritual life of the Supreme Being that control the existence of immortal spirits—if the vital actions of anatomical laws—if the functions of the spiritual organization, control the being of God and all matter constituting all minds and bodies which emanate from God, it is not unreasonable to suppose that God is a progressive being. Aspiration is the attractive force of progression; and, if immortal spirits have nothing to aspire to, it would check the improvement of spiritual culture, and they would become unhappy. If spirits have aspirations and their minds are a part of God, God possesses the same attribute; else the mind could not be a part of God. There must be something beyond the spirit's present comprehension; else it would not possess the attribute of aspiration. If there is nothing in the future for the soul to aspire to, it cannot progress.

If God does not progress, he cannot, by a logical understanding, have aspirations; and if he does not possess this attribute, the souls of men cannot possess it; and we know aspiration is the noblest attribute of our being. If we are a part of God, he must, from science, logic and nature, possess the principle of aspiration; and if he does, he must progress. God comprehends the inherent principles, properties and mechanical laws of nature. He has the power of combining force and motion, the centrifugal with the centrifugal tendency in the construction of the universe and bodies. In the combinations of nature's laws, the primary, origin, and present existence of all things, may be attributed to God, for the properties of matter drawn together to constitute all things, primarily emanates from God. And if we trace the action and motion of all things, we must conclude that God is the great motive power. The mighty worlds and the mass of beings inhabiting these worlds, contain the indispensable qualities of matter and the beginning principle which is eternally manifested in the organization of material or spiritual things. Matter and motion are coeval principles. Motion was the first manifestation of the power of the first great intelligence, and holds its attractive relation to all laws of creation. And now the question arises: Can God progress, and could he have been created, and still retain his power and sublimity over the human race and the immense throng of immortal beings? Progression cannot disrobe God of his strength and glory. His creation or origin, if this is so, cannot overthrow his superiority and superlatively beautiful attributes of mind, and cause his spirit to stand on an equality of progression with other spirits; for he was the first being and must have progressed far, far beyond the conception and comprehension of all other beings in sublimation and goodness—in purity and wisdom. He is the highest power, and comprehends all lower matter than his own being is constructed of; and in him there is nothing but what is refined, pure and everlastingly infinite, containing incomprehensible and celestial glory, and ineffable brightness and grandeur. I have endeavored, with a philosophical consistency and systematic order of thinking, to discriminate between truth and error, and achieve an eternal unity of truth in my investigation of all subjects, and have here briefly given you my belief—not yours—of the existence of our Supreme Ruler and his progression.

E. C. DAYTON.

This is another of the long delayed lectures promised us at nearly the commencement of this journal.

The Christian Churches.

There is a being, infinite in wisdom, supreme and holy in his position, in the spirit world. There is a kind, protecting power reaching over the infinitude of creation, engraving upon the bosom of nature the immortal principles and natural laws of a divine Father. There are laws of association and attraction which bring departed spirits near to their friends and home upon earth, breathing strains of the noblest sentiments that ever swelled immortal bosoms, freely giving to man the noblest and deepest philosophy, uttered in the natural eloquence of immortal minds. This is a truth awakening proud thoughts in the humblest cottager's breast, and is also penetrating the scientific mind with a deep and solemn consciousness of his duty to himself and to God.

The Christian churches of your land—What are they? What are their principles and their influence upon the world? To say, theological Christianity has worked no good in the world—to say it has not saved many minds from viciousness and crime—to say it has never dried the mothers' tears and imparted many religious hopes to their bosoms, would be straying from truth. Christianity has given many earnest souls the unflinching assurance of a Supreme Being and His eternal laws. When I was upon earth and sought the land of heaviness, leaving friends and my happy home behind, never more to behold friends so dear or my childhood's home, and to sacrifice the happiness of social enjoyment for the poor pagan's benefit, I thought I was acting in accordance with the laws of our heavenly Father. I worked for humanity, and my form now lies decayed on a foreign shore. On the Sandwich Islands, a spot still held sacred to me, the ashes of my once active form, lie slumbering and mingling with a foreign soil. When I called my flock together and taught them the scriptures—the word of God, as I then believed, I thought I was fulfilling the mission assigned me. But had I taken the simple flower, and taught those heathen men, women and children of its origin; had I taught them of the laws of a divine Being, and that that flower was a part of God and would return to its giver, how much more sublime, how much more noble and intelligent, would have been the thoughts awakened in those uncivilized minds. Had I, when gazing upon the ocean's broad expanse, when its vast waters ran mountain high, and was whitened with foam, or when its voice was as soft and quiet as the breathings of the infant's slumber, taught those souls of a God, and that the ocean was an emanation of the divine essence, and has its type in the spirit land, how much more perfect and beautiful would have been their comprehensions and conceptions of God and heaven. Had I taught them that the great creations were brought into existence from an unknown source and by the workings of a mysterious power, and that God is the highest organization of matter, and from the laws of creation must be the invisible source of all existences, how much more truthfully would have been my teachings impressed upon those barbarous minds. Then, they might, through the ages of progression, have sought the noblest

proofs of a God, by the intelligence of nature and truth. They might, by science broad and deep, have learned the source of the power and magnificence of our heavenly Father.

Christianity has done much in the development of the human mind; but the Christian churches of the present age are strangely deformed. What is their object of worship? and how near the throne of Deity do their prayers and oblations reach? Ask of the beings hourly clustering around you, and they will sorrowfully respond, not beyond their own rudimentary sphere. Ask of nature, and the answer will be, not without the walls of their costly church. Is God the object of devout worship in the Christian church? or is money the inspiring theme? It is not false when I say, go, upon a Sabbath, to your churches, and after the social word of God has been preached, you will hear the demand for money. The contribution is taken up, and whoever feels disposed can give. Can money and God harmonize? Can the divine and infinite laws of Deity associate with the principles of such a church? and is such a church the true earthly sanctuary of our divine Creator? No. God is the omniscient, the sublime and incomprehensible Deity. From God all things have their being, and through His laws creations exist, and nature smiles upon the harmonious whole of the great Creator's works. The capacities of immortal thoughts can only be unfolded by the power of nature and science. The conceptions of the spiritualist's mind rush with infinitely more speed and energy towards the living truths of nature than the theological mind. Your Christian churches are formed of the frosty marbles of mythology, while the spiritualist's church is created by the truths of nature emanating from the spirit world. An increased illumination of truth will destroy the tyranny and superstition of theology, and wisdom shall reach from land to land, ever flowing from the fount of immortal life. Immortal inspirations diffuse through the spirit of man its own radiant beauty. Spirits of the departed hover around you, awakening in the mortal mind recollections endeared to them by early associations, by which they still prove their identity. Within the deep chambers of the heart the tones of the departed are heard, and time points his finger to the beautiful world beyond, where hope, joy and love never forsake the immortal spirit. Years are passing. They mark each brow and shadow each heart. The departing hour lays its palsied hand upon the strongest mortal, the spirit seeks its future home, and men sing their requiems over the grave of departed worth.

Oppressed humanity is becoming free. The foundation of the universal and future church of truth and wisdom, and of God, is laid. No power can remove one stone from the basis of this noble structure. No force of man can mar its glorious beauty—no theology—no tyranny—no ignorance can destroy its vital action. The law of love, harmony and wisdom are its principles, and they teach man to love one another—to forgive and forget. The Christian churches will soon slumber with other fabrics of religious worship, and as progression is eternal, it will bring all men to study the elements of nature—the laws of the divine Ruler, and all with the noblest conceptions of a future existence, will render their oblations to God, beneath the noble and holy influence of the great and universal future church of wisdom and purity. Go on, ye missionaries of mercy. Let your works reach from nation to nation, and you shall have bright and pure messengers from the spirit world to care for and protect you in your onward course.

Affectionately, I am yours,

ANN H. JENSON.

The following lecture, being a description of the spirit world, was received by Miss Brooks, alone, from the spirit of Josephine Bonaparte.

The Spirit World.

God is the Father of all. He is the Ruler of every world. He is the first intelligence, and from him all things flow. The spirit world is one of infinite beauty and magnificence. The first sphere of development, is where the interior senses of the spirit are enshrouded in darkness, but is not a locality of darkness. A spirit inhabiting this sphere is one whose perceptions are overshadowed by untrue and chaotic comprehensions. Its construction is of undefined matter, and it cannot progress if the laws of order and wisdom are not observed and studied. The minds of the first sphere return to earth. They long for the associations and enjoyments they left upon earth. They do not admire the beauties and sublimities of their home, and sometimes delight in annoying higher minds when communicating with their earthly friends.

The spirit world is constructed of sublimated matter. It has its trees and bodies of water. It has its flowers and types of every object. We have here bodies of water far greater than your capacious oceans. We have from the drop of water to the small streams, the large rivers and the unbounded oceans. We have trees from the small to the large, and in sublimity they may not be compared with the trees of earth, for they are far more beautiful. The flowers of the spirit world are incomparably more lovely. The mountains, the ravines, the craggy precipices, the catenars and water falls, are the most sublime works of Gods creations.

The spirit faculties and capacities cannot but unfold when contemplating the mysterious workings of God in the spirit world. Groups of angels or spirits cluster around these divine works, and within they feel an impulse to admire and an aspiration for higher glories. They cannot see God. They cannot behold Him in His power and grandeur. They can-

not behold the heavenly Father of all, who in his goodness and purity forgets not the lowliest cottager nor the humblest spirit. His goodness and affection are inspired by all objects, and as truth and wisdom flow from the great position of His supremacy and His spirit, each soul realizes His power, and all strive to know from whom such blessings are derived. The God of love speaks in the tiny flowers. His goodness is seen in the mighty deep, whose waves dash onward and onward forever. In the loftiest mind God is there opening the inner self or perception to the elevating power of science and truth. He, through His laws, creates and disorganizes bodies, and gives them an immortal existence in the spirit world.

In the second sphere, the spirits attain a position of truth and goodness; but the minds inhabiting this sphere possess not deep and clear comprehension, because their knowledge of their own being and of God and nature, are limited. They have brighter conceptions of the glorious beauties of universal benevolence, and their perceptions are opened to a better and higher appreciation of the nature of the spirit and of the goodness of God—of the beauties of his material and spiritual universe than the minds of the first sphere. The elements of the minds of the second sphere of development, are harmoniously exercised by the principle of wisdom; and through this law, order and arrangement are produced. The uncultivated intuition begins to be developed and exercised by philosophical and ethical themes of thought. The spirits of this sphere cannot trace, analogically, principles of their own construction; but, from the principles of perception, they can arrive at a more definite idea of a higher and clearer understanding of their nature, its legitimate functions and future destination.

The third sphere of development is still higher and more beautifully refined than the second sphere. The spirits of this sphere have an instinctive faith in the perpetuation of spiritual and individual existence. The bases upon which rests the individualization of the principles of their minds, are the unfoldings of the laws of association, development and progression, as a living interior manifestation of their own immortal destiny. Their faith is not based upon hypothetical reasoning, but upon the absolute and immutable demonstrations of the laws of creation. The relation which the spheres hold to one another is intimate and harmoniously perfect. In this sphere, the capacities of the spirit are more fully developed, because their desire for the material has gradually decayed, and spiritual aspirations have attracted their minds to the vast and grand laws of the spirit world, which evidently unfolds the divine perceptions and infinite faculties of their minds. The laws of order, wisdom, harmony and love, are but feebly comprehended by the spirits of this sphere.

In the fourth sphere of development, we behold still higher powers of intelligence manifested. We behold calm and elucidate reasoning and a thorough investigation of the laws, principles and elements of material and spiritual science. Of the laws of construction their comprehensions are true and noble. Their actions and manifestations of wisdom and love, are characteristic of a highly intellectual and infinitely beautiful class of minds. Their conceptions of a divine Father, are yet imperfectly developed. The state of intellectual growth which their minds have attained, is scientific and philosophical; and their comprehensions are endeavoring to grasp the infinite expansion of divine causes. Their improvement in spiritual cultivation, to elaborate their conceptions of God and His laws, are much more advantageous than that of the lower spheres, because their appreciation of goodness and purity is greater than the appreciation of the minds occupying lower spheres of refinement.

The fifth sphere is deeper and richer than all of which I have spoken, and is the one to which I am elevated. The minds of this sphere comprehend, in part, the celestial sweetness flowing from the divine fount of love and the relation of the interior self, with the kind protection of a supreme Father. The elements of each mind are conjoined and co-associated, and occupy specific positions, and perform innumerable functions in the development of their spiritual existence. Their affections are more perfectly governed by the eternal laws of God and they strive to gratify their deepest and wisest desires, by nobler comprehensions of God.

The progressions and developments of the spirits in this sphere, present greater proofs of the original and eternal principles of organizations, and have a proper comprehension of those various principles in nature, and the qualities and essence of the spirit world, which spontaneously flow from the great Divine Principle.

Affectionately,

JOSEPHINE BONAPARTE.

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE—Four years ago what is now called the Old Breaker, at Thomas & Beatty's mine, on Silver Creek, caught fire, from an explosion. The fire was communicated to the "dirt heaps," around, where it has been secretly burning ever since. It made its appearance again about five weeks ago, in the immediate vicinity of the new breakers, and men were and are still employed in removing the dirt heaps there, that being the only method practicable to insure safety. A stranger might pass it in the daytime and not notice it, as there is but little smoke, and the daylight drowns every appearance of fire. It is only at night that the danger presents itself in its reality—showing itself to the beholder in an enormous mass of fire, partly hidden by a thin coating at the top, not yet consumed, and decorated with a number of pretty blue lights, proceeding from as many bright spots of burning anthracite coal. The mine has stopped, and will remain so, until the mine has stopped, and it is quite hard times for the poor miners.—*Pottsville Register.*

SPIRITUALISM.

By JUDGE EDMONDS and Dr. G. T. DEPTER, vol. 2. Price \$1.25.

For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

Also, a new supply of vol. 1.

T. S. HAWKS.

GRATIS! A New Discovery in Medicine!

A FEW WORDS ON THE RATIONAL TREATMENT, without Medicine, of Spasmodic, or Local Weakness, Nervous Debility, Low Spirits, Lassitude, Weakness of the Limbs and Back, Indisposition and Incapacity for study and Labor, Dullness of Apprehension, Loss of Memory, Aversion to Society, Love of Solitude, Timidity, Self-Distrust, Dizziness, Head, Nervous Discharges, Pains in the Side, Affection of the Eyes, Pimples on the Face, Sexual and other Infirmities in Man.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DR. DE LANEY.

The important fact that these alarming complaints may easily be removed without Mercury, is in this small tract, clearly demonstrated; and the entirely new and highly successful treatment, as adopted by the Author, fully explained, by means of which every one is enabled to cure himself perfectly, and at the least possible cost, avoiding thereby all the adverse consequences of the cure.

Sent to any address, gratis, and post free in a sealed envelope, by remitting (post paid) two postage stamps to Dr. B. DE LANEY, No. 17 Lispenard Street, New York.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

Lyric of the Morning Land. A beautiful Poem of 5000 lines. Price 75 cents.

Voices from the Spirit-Land, through Nathan Francis White Medium. Price 75 cents.

Epics of the Spirit World. Spoken by Thomas L. Harris, while in the trance state. Price 75 cents.

Spiritualism. By Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter. Price \$1.25.

Nature's Divine Revelations. By A. J. Davis. Price \$2.

Spirit Minstrel. Price 35 cents.

The Harmonical Man. By A. J. Davis. Price 30c.

Night Side of Nature: or, Ghosts and Ghost Seers. By Catherine Crowe. Price \$1.

The Philosophy of Spiritualism. Discourses. By A. J. Davis. Price 50 cents.

Light from the Spirit World. By Rev. Charles Hammond. Price 75 cents.

Fascination, or the Philosophy of Charming—By John B. Newman. Price 40 cents.

Shadow Land; or, the Seer. By Mrs. E. Oakes Smith. Price 25 cents.

Spirit-Voices. Dictated by Spirits for the use of Circles. Price 37 1/2 cents.

For Sale by Post Office Building.

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTORY

AND PAPER RULING ESTABLISHMENT.

THE Subscriber would respectfully announce that he is now prepared to do all kinds of Plain and Ornamental Book Binding.

Blank Books, ruled to any pattern desired, and paged in legible type.

OLD BOOKS RE-BOUND.

Magazines of all kinds, Music, Newspapers, Pamphlets, etc., neatly bound in a variety of styles.

C. L. POYD, Republic Buildings, 204 Washington-st., Buffalo.

W. G. OLIVER,

DENTIST,

263 MAIN STREET.

Opposite the Churches, BUFFALO.

N. B.—Received a Silver Medal for Superior Work, New York State Fair, 1848.

BUFFALO

LITHOGRAPHING AND ENGRAVING

ESTABLISHMENT.

208 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

R. J. COMPTON, PROPRIETOR.

HAVING PURCHASED the entire interest of my co-partners, and having the most extensive establishment of the kind in the West. I am prepared to fill contracts for the largest kind of work, with punctuality and in the best style.

January 8, 1855. R. J. C.

TWO GOOD BOOKS.

THE POWERS & DUTIES OF WOMAN

Two Lectures by Horace Mann. Price 37 1/2 cents.

DEDICATION OF ANTIOCH COLLEGE, and Inaugural Address of its President, by Horace Mann. Price 25 cents.

For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

T. S. HAWKS.

Pocket Diaries for 1855.

DIFFERENT STYLES AND SIZES.

For Sale at the Literary Depot, Postoffice.

T. S. HAWKS.

THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL

REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS and Cultivator Almanac for 1855, embellished with 120 Engravings. Price 25 cents.

For Sale at the Literary Depot, Post Office.

T. S. HAWKS.

RAINEY & RICHARDSON,

COMMISSION MERCHANTS and dealers in SOAP AND CANDLE STICKS.

Parties desiring to purchase on the sale or purchase of FLOUR, GRAIN and PRODUCE in general.

H. RAINEY, Flour Inspector.

GEO. RICHARDSON.

No. 16 Central Wharf, Buffalo. 11

MERCHANTS, BANKERS

AND OTHERS wishing to procure the most convenient Stamp in use, will leave their orders with T. S. HAWKS, who is Agent for the Boston Hand Stamp Co., Ruggles' Patent.

LOT FOR SALE

The lot on the N. E. corner of Fourteenth and Vermont sts. is offered for sale at \$750 per foot. Dimensions 50 by 148 1/2 feet. For terms enquire at this office.

91

BOTANIC MEDICINE DISPENSARY.

D. WIGGINS, M. D., would respectfully notify the citizens of Buffalo and the public at large, that he has opened a wholesale and retail

BOTANIC MEDICINE DEPOT.

On the corner of Niagara and West Eagle sts. in the city of Buffalo, where he will constantly keep a full and choice assortment of BOTANIC MEDICINES, comprising all the varieties of Roots, Herbs, Powders, Decoctions and Compounds, which are used by Families and Practising Physicians. He will take especial care to have all his Medicines not only genuine, but of the first quality, and all of preparations from the latest process. He will be the rare never to be out of the Old Compounds, such as

Composition No. 6, or Hot Drops,

Spiced Berries, Mother's Relief, Stomach and Catarrh Pills, Liver Drops, Neutralizing Mixture, Honey Cough Balsam, a superior remedy for Coughs and Colds, Rheumatic Liniment, and

CHOLERA SYRUP,

which was extensively used in '49 and '52, with unflinching success, when taken in the incipient stage of the disease.

The advantage and safety of procuring Medicines at such an establishment, and from a regular Botanic Physician, whose professional knowledge and practical experience preclude all contingency of vending poisons, must be obvious to every one who has been using every endeavor to serve the public satisfactorily, to merit patronage and earn the good will of all who favor him with their custom.

N. B. All orders from abroad promptly attended to.

11

Why do we Celebrate the Birth-day of Thomas Paine?

The brief history of the North American Republic embraces already many celebrated names. The heroes of the revolution, both on the battle field and in the Capitol, are enjoying a fame equalled only by the heroes of antiquity; and the name of Franklin, Washington and Jefferson are names which challenge the admiration of all civilized nations.—Why, then, do we select the birth-day of Thomas Paine as an occasion of festivity? Why do we not celebrate the birth-day of Jefferson or Franklin? The name of Thomas Paine is not exactly the most famous and celebrated name of those glorious days of the revolution; it is neither crowned with the laurel of the battle-field, nor recorded on the tablets of the Capitol; what then induces us to assemble in the festive hall to celebrate his name, when we have neglected to celebrate the name of Washington? The reason or cause does not appear to us to be an accidental or an arbitrary one.—The principles which we celebrate of Paine are embraced in a single word namely radicalism.

Thomas Paine was the only radical politician in America. All the other great statesmen of the revolution avoided in a greater or less degree the open avowal of the extreme principles of truth, of right and of liberty. But Thomas Paine united with the keenness of his criticism also the deep philosophic convictions which would have laws, principles and suggestions from no other source than that of truth.

The leaders of the revolutions themselves have in several instances acknowledged the inestimable services of the pen of Paine. Thomas Paine accustomed and familiarized the people with the thought and idea of independence—a thought which the statesmen of the time were anxious to remove, to which thought the people were entire strangers. When Paine's Common Sense appeared the exclamation of "too bold" fell almost involuntarily from every lip; but his clear, concise and logical style, and argument removed all prejudice, and in a very few months the thoughts of Paine were the thoughts of the American people.

What a great and ennobling age it must have been when Paine's writings were read in the cabin of every farmer and in the tent of every American soldier. What powerful and rational persons must have existed at that time! Paine feared the encounter of no prejudice, neither in the political nor religious world; he feared neither the scorn of England nor the hatred of the priesthood; but pursued truth to her utmost consequences, and suffered nothing to relax his arbor. Indeed a people with whom Paine's writings became popular, merited liberty; and the war of independence in their hands could not be doubtful.

That Paine was secretly hated and persecuted we have every reason to believe; but on the other hand, we have every reason to believe that the whole course of his conduct was not only sanctioned but approved by the people generally, as well as by the greatest and most important persons of the time. We base this belief upon the annexed letters of Washington and Jefferson, as well as upon the annexed resolutions of Congress; which granted him a sum of money as a token of their appreciation of his services. These letters and acknowledgements reflect great honor upon their authors and the times, and yet fill us with hope that the "Age of Reason" has not been destined to remain in obscurity in America.

"Rocky Hill, Sept. 10, 1783.

I have learned, since I have been at this place, that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or of economy, I know not. Be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see you at it.

Your presence may remind Congress of your past services to this country; and if in my power to impress them, command my best exertions with freedom, as they will be rendered cheerfully by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who, with much pleasure, subscribes himself.

Yours sincere friend,

G. WASHINGTON.

As the letter of Mr. Jefferson, which Mr. Yorkie alludes to, shows the high opinion which that gentleman entertained of Mr. Paine's services, and his wish to accommodate him by every possible kindness, I there submit a copy of it.

"You express a wish in your letter to return to America by a natural ship. Mr. Daw's son who brings over the treaty, and who will present you with this letter, is charged with orders to the Captain of the Maryland to receive and accommodate you back, if you can be ready to depart at such a short warning. You will in general find us returned to sentiments worthy of former times. In these it will be your glory to have steadily labored, and with as much effect as any man living. That you may live long to continue your useful labors and reap the reward in the thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer. Accept the assurance of my high esteem, and affectionate attachment.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Mr. Paine visited Washington and was kindly received by Jefferson, then president; indeed, this gentleman kept up a constant correspondence with him to the day of his death. He had invited him to return to the United States, had sent out a ship for him, and on being asked if he had done so, he replied: "I have, and when he arrives, if there be an office in my gift, suitable for him to fill, I will give it to him. I will never abandon old friends to make room for new ones."

Friday, Aug. 26, 1785.

On the report of a committee, consisting

of Mr. Gerry, Mr. Pettit, and Mr. King, to whom was referred a letter of the 13th from Thomas Paine:

Resolved, That the early, unsolicited, and continued labors of Mr. Thomas Paine, in explaining and enforcing the principles of the late revolution, by ingenious and timely publications upon the nature of liberty and civil government, have been well received by the citizens of these states, and merit the approbation of Congress, and that in consideration of these services and the benefits produced thereby, Mr. Paine is entitled to a liberal gratification from the United States.

Monday, Oct. 3, 1785.

On the report of a committee, consisting of Mr. Gerry, Mr. Howell, Mr. Long, to whom were referred sundry letters from Mr. Thomas Paine, and a report on his letter of the 13th of September:

Resolved, That the board of treasury take order for paying to Mr. Thomas Paine the sum of three thousand dollars, for the considerations mentioned in the resolutions of the 26th of August last."

The Starving Lion.

The following incident is from Dr. Wayland's Memoirs of the Missionary Judson, published a few days since. It occurred during the period of Mr. Judson's cruel persecution by the Burman authorities:

After Mr. Judson had been about a month in the loathsome inner prison, he was attacked by a slow fever, which threatened to destroy his life.—His guardian angel was, as ever, on the alert; but it was in vain that she entreated permission to rebuild his room in the prison yard. About this time the poor sufferers were astonished by a most singular accession to their numbers. Something like a year previous to the commencement of the war, the king had received from some foreigner a present of a lion. The bold beast had been a particular favorite with him, and an object of great interest at court. But it was now whispered about, and with mysterious meaning in the whispers, that the English bore a lion upon their standard.

The disgraceful defeat of Bandoala, his alarming final fall, and the utter inefficiency of the hardest Burman troops before these charmed warriors, were matters of grave conference, and strange glances were cast towards the king's noble pet; but for a time no one dared to speak. The matter was first broached by the queen's brother, an ignorant, brutal fellow, who owed his elevation from the lot of a common fishmonger entirely to his clever, intriguing sister's power over the king. He was positive that the English had a demoniac in the palace, in the shape of this regal-looking beast, which had entirely won the heart of the king. The pakhawon, a man of more sense, but, like Burman, superstitious, seconded his opinions; and other counselors, now that they durst speak, came in with floods of argument and testimony. The king repelled the idea of any connection between his favorite and the enemy as absurd in the extreme, but at last consented to the animals being sent to the death prison, though he expressly stipulated that it should not be slain without his order. The queen's brother, however, gave secret directions to the keepers not to furnish the animal with food; and so merciless was he well known to be in the execution of his vengeance, that they dared not disobey him, even to please the king.

The cage, all newly ironed and barricaded as though some unusual resistance was expected, was placed in the prison yard, close against the principal building. And now commenced a new and fearful scene of misery. The unhappy prisoners had seen man starved, and beaten and smothered, and strangled to death, then dragged by the feet from the door, and thrust, like dogs, into some shallow pit, or left for wild dogs to devour; and they thought they had gained a fearful familiarity with every species of wretchedness. But there was something almost supernatural in this new horror—a gradually starved lion. Day after day, the noble beast whined in the pangs of hunger, parched with thirst, and bruised and bleeding in his fearful struggles, while his roarings seemed to shake the prison to its foundations, and sent a thrill of indescribable terror to the hearts of the occupants.

The jailor said, it was the British lion ineffectually struggling against the conquering Bormans; though even his feline features were somewhat elongated by superstitious fears. Sometimes a compassionate woman would steal into the cage after dark, and thrust a morsel of food between the bars; but it was necessarily a trifle to the powerful beast, and served only to increase his ravings. At other times one of the keepers would throw pails of water over him, which would be greeted with almost human shrieks of pleasure, though it only served to lengthen for a little the terrible term of suffering. At last the scene was over.—The skeleton of the poor beast was dragged from its cage, and buried with more care than many a poor human skeleton had been before.

The next time Mrs. Judson came to the prison door, and her husband crawled to meet her—crawled with the upper part of his body, having his feet till attached to moveless bamboo—he had a new plan to broach. He told her of the empty lion's cage—what a comfortable retreat while the fever lasted, and begged her intercession with the governor; for he had entreated the comic jester in vain. The "cat" refused to listen for a moment to such an insult to royalty. Mrs. Judson's application was successful; and with feelings of deep gratitude to God for such a mercy, the sick man was removed from his loathsome quarters to the better accommodations of the lion cage.

A Child's Dream of A Star.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal and thought a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child too, and his constant companion. Those two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the blue water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes "Supposing all the children on the earth were to die, would the stars be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers' and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill sides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, about the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at the window. Who ever saw it first cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night; and then the child looked sadly out by himself and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came all too soon! when the child looked out alone and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves not there before; and when the star made long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed he dreamed about the star; and dreamed, that lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the peoples' neck and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down the avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once lay upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people hither,

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night, and the star was shining into the room making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth the child looked out on the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form forth out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon the people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "Not that one, but another."

And the child held his brother's angel in his arms; he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night, he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him "not yet; and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire-side heavy with grief and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child, saw his daughter newly lost to him, celestial creature among those three, and he said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night, as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried as he had cried so long ago:

"I see the star."

They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star, as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining, and it shines upon his grave.—[Dickens.]

NEW PUBLICATION.—We have received from the publishers, MESSRS. FOWLER & WELLS, a well printed volume of lectures on moral philosophy, with the following title:

THE WAYS OF LIFE, SHOWING THE RIGHT WAY AND WRONG WAY; Contrasting the High Way and the Low Way; the True Way and the False Way; the Upward Way and the Downward Way; the Way of Honor and the Way of Dishonor. By Rev. G. S. WEAVER, author of *Hopes and Helps*, *Mental Science*, etc.

The reader will appreciate its character, which we admire—by the extract which we append from the lecture on "Right and Might:"

RIGHT AND MIGHT.

What is done, is done; and what is to be done, will be done; but why done and how done, are the questions. It matters not so much, in a moral point of view, whether a thing is done, as why it is done. We read history, but intrinsically it is of little importance to us to know whether Thebes had a hundred gates or none; whether Hannibal crossed the Alps, or staid in Africa; whether Napoleon divorced Josephine or never married her, or whether Mary Queen of Scots was de-throned and imprisoned, or not. As facts of history, these can do us neither good nor harm. But it is important for us to know why these things were done, because the why always reveals a human motive, gives a reason for human conduct, and opens one of the paths of human thought. Human nature is the same in the first and last century, in the garden of Eden, on the plains of Waterloo, or among the rocks of California. Though conduct may differ, and generations change, motives remain the same. The first and the last war, the first and the last marriage, the first and the last throne, grew out of similar motives. So history is valuable only as a chronicle of the paths of human thought and feeling as a daguerotype of the human mind. Who reads it for this is wise; who reads it for any other purpose gets a doubtful benefit. So religiously, the motive is the all-important matter; for God asks not what is done, so much as why a thing is done. The motive is what gives color to action with him. In his great book he writes motives in capitals and actions in small letters; and he writes a multitude of motives with no correspondent actions. They stand as the record of the chameleon complexions of each human soul. They tell its goodness and its badness, its progress up or down.

We often judge unwise. We approve or condemn men by their actions. But it so happens that many a man whom we condemn, God approves; and many a one whom we approve God condemns. Here below it often happens that we have saints in prisons and devils in priestly robes. We often view things under a false light, and pass our judgments accordingly; but God judges from behind the veil, where motives reveal themselves, like lightnings on a cloud.

Now, Right and Might lie in motive. Personally they answer the questions, Ought I? and Can I? Some men ask, "Ought I to do this?" Others ask, "Can I do this?" It is the angel that asks, "Ought I to do this?" It is the devil that asks, "Can I do this?"

We all have good and bad in us. The good would like what it ought to do; the bad does what it can do. The good dwells in the kingdom of Right; the bad sits on the throne of Might. Right is a loyal subject, Might is a royal tyrant. Right is the foundation of the river of peace; Might is the mother of war and its abominations. Right is the evangel of God that proclaims the "acceptable year of the Lord"; Might is the scourge of the world that riots in carnage, groans, and blood. Right is the arm of freedom made bare and beautiful in the eyes of all the good in heaven and earth; Might is the sword of power unsheathed in the hand of oppression. Right gains its victories by peace; Might conquers only by war. Right strengthens its army by the increase of all its conquered; Might weakens its force by every victory, as a part of its power must stand guard over its new-made subjects. Right rules by invitation; Might by compulsion. Right is from above; Might from below. Right is unselfish; Might knows nothing but self. Right is for the whole; Might is for one. Right is unassuming; Might is pompous as a king. Right is instructive; Might is dictatorial. Right reasons like a philosopher, and prepares the ground on which it sows; Might stalks on like madness, reckless of every thing but the end sought.—Right is a lamb, cropping buds and flowers to make itself more beautiful; Might is a tiger prowling in search of prey. Right is a moralist resting in principle; Might is a worldling seeking for pleasure. These are inward principles contending with each other in every human soul.

Might comes first, because it is earthly. The

child's first resolve is one of Might. "I can and I will," he says. Might is born in the flesh; Right is the child of conscience. Children do what they can. Men do what they ought, when they act from manhood. Some children never become men in this world; they never "put away childish things." We become men in proportion as we "put away childish things" and adopt manly things. It takes something more than bone and muscle to make a man; something more than form and strength. Two hundred pounds of bone and blood and sinew molded into the human form and walking about do not make a man. Manhood is within. It is not seen, but felt. It is soul doing right. Children are made up of flesh and blood, with soul in subjection to it. Men are made up of flesh and blood in subjection to soul. It is manhood for the soul to rule the body. It is childhood for the body to rule the soul. Most men are children. We have none of us wholly outgrown our childhood. We have not entirely "put away childish things." Great babies are walking about among us most plentifully. Full-grown men are scarce. Few men say, "I ought to do this, therefore I will do it." The most say, "I can do this, therefore I will." Many times every day most men do as children do in violation of the right. Here is a child possessing and enjoying a toy. Another child wants it. The first question with him is, "Can I get it?" If he can, he takes it by main strength. But if his strength is too small, he must put Might to work in another direction. First, he tries stratagem. If this fails, he coaxes. If this does not answer, he disparages the toy, says it is good for nothing. If he does not get it, he seeks to buy it with less valuable toys. Thus he employs Might all the way through to accomplish his selfish end.

No GOOD DEED LOST.—Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not a single particle has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes—it may have floated away in smoke and vapor—but it is not lost. It will come back again in the dew-drop and the rain—it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its formations, Providence watches ever and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or heavenly desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation—we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

Education is a companion when no misfortune can repress, no climate destroy, no enemy alienate, no despotism enslave. At home, a friend; abroad, an introduction; in solitude, a solace; in society, an ornament; it chastens vice; it gives at once a grace, an ornament to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave—an unreasoning slave.

Don't let your children put visiting cards in their mouths, the enamel is poison.

BUFFALO
Merchant College
Brown's Buildings, Corner of Main and Seneca Streets.
OPENS TO BOTH GENTLEMEN AND LADIES.
Affords Superior Facilities for acquiring a Thorough Business Education.

THE COURSE includes Single and Double Entry Book-keeping as applied to every department of business; by Accountants of skill and experience; Business Penmanship, Computations, and Lectures on every subject of importance connected with the interests of the Business World. Last course of improving their Penmanship, or of gaining a knowledge of Accounts and Business Transactions, are here afforded every convenience and advantage that can be desired.

For particulars please inquire at the College Rooms, or send for Circular.

H. B. BRYANT, PRINCIPAL.

R. C. SPENCER.

ERIE COUNTY SAVINGS BANK.
INCORPORATED APRIL 10TH, 1854—OFFICE CORNER MAIN AND NORTH DIVISION STS., BUFFALO.

TO BE OPENED FOR BUSINESS SEPT. 1st, 1854. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 6 to 7 1/2 P. M.

OFFICERS.

WILLIAM A. BIRD, President.
GIBSON T. WILLIAMS, 1st Vice President.
FREDERICK Y. B. WATSON, 2nd Vice Pres.
CYRUS P. LEE, Secretary and Treasurer.
E. C. SPRAGUE, Attorney.

TRUSTEES.
Wm. A. Bird, Henry Root, Stephen W. How, Ed. Richard, Bullymore, Michael Danner, Jacob Kretzer, Wm. C. Sherwood, Wm. Wilkeson, Norah P. Sprague, Stephen Y. B. Watson, F. Augustus Gardner, James Wadsworth, Noah H. Gardner, Gibson T. Williams, Myron P. Bush, Chandler J. Wells, Wm. Fisk, James C. Harrison, Bradford A. Manchester, John R. Evans.

The objects of this Institution are, to afford a secure place where Money may be deposited for safe keeping, drawing interest, and be drawn out at any time; and also to loan Money in moderate sums, to our citizens, on Real Estate, at a legal rate of interest. It is hoped that the names of the Officers and Trustees are a sufficient guarantee of the character of the Institution, and the safeguards imposed by its Charter. By Laws afford the amplest security to depositors. In addition to these, the Trustees of the Bank have made such arrangements, that in no event can the deposits be assessed for the payment of the expenses of the Bank. It is believed that this Institution offers the following advantages to our citizens, and especially to our workmen:

1st. It receives deposits of any amount, down to ten cents, being kept open in the evening, for the accommodation of those whose business prevents their attending the Bank at the usual banking hours.

As the Trustees have assumed personal responsibility for the purpose of giving perfect safety and stability to what they believe will be an institution of benefit, they hope that it will be liberally sustained by their fellow citizens.

N. B.—Further particulars may be obtained of the undersigned, the office of the Bank or of any of the Trustees.

CYRUS P. LEE, Secy and Treas.
Buffalo, N. Y., August 23, 1854. 1-11

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

HAVING ESTABLISHED AGENCIES in all the principal cities and towns of the United States and the Canadas, and in all the Principal Cities of Europe to buy and sell GOLD DUST, BULLION, GOLD & SILVER Coins, Drafts, Bills of Exchange and Public Stocks, collect and settle bills, notes or other demands and claims, forwarded by

EXPRESS.
Money, Bank Bills, Coin, Merchandise and all other descriptions of Express Freight, Packages and Parcels.

CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT, issued to Travelers, which are cashed throughout Europe at the best rates of Exchange, and the circular letters of credit, and circular notes of the principal London Bankers cashed at the usual rates at the Paris office. Special credits issued to parties purchasing merchandise—Money received on deposit at our principal offices, on the most liberal terms.

All orders for the purchase of Public Stocks, Bonds, Works of Art, or other articles, promptly attended to. All letters addressed to the care of any of our agencies promptly delivered or forwarded.

For the convenience of emigrants or others, we draw bills for £1 and upwards upon the Royal Bank of Ireland, National Bank of Scotland, and Union Bank of London.

The Company's Expresses, in charge of special Messengers, are regularly dispatched.

SEMI-MONTHLY TO AND FROM CALIFORNIA.

By the Mail Steamship Lines, via Panama, and also by the Nicaragua Steamship Lines, and to and from EUROPE BY THE LIVERPOOL, HAVRE AND BREMEN STEAM SHIP LINE.

The House in Paris is Agent for the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company, and the Union Line of Havre Packets.

At the Paris office is kept a Traveler's Register and all the best of the American newspapers, to which visitors have free access.

DIRECTORS.
D. N. Barney, John Livingston, James McKay, New York; Wm. G. Fargo, Buffalo; Edwin B. Morgan, Henry Wells, Aurora; W. J. Pardee, San Francisco, Cal.; E. R. Williams, Buffalo.

JAMES MCKAY, Secretary.

T. M. JAMES, Treasurer.

BUFFALO & BRANTFORD RAILWAY.

SHORTEST ROUTE BETWEEN BUFFALO AND DETROIT.

Buffalo and Brantford Railway.

In connection with the several Lines terminating in Buffalo, and the

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAIL ROAD.

To Chicago, St. Louis and the Great West.

On and after Monday, 11th inst., Three Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), leaving the New Depot on Erie street, Buffalo, at 10:45 and 11:25 A. M.

Morning Express leaves Detroit at 9 A. M. Paris at 3 P. M., and arrives in Buffalo at 7:15 P. M.

Evening Express leaves Detroit at 5:45 P. M. Paris at 12:20 A. M., arrives at Buffalo at 4:15.

Freight train leaves Paris at 9:50 A. M., arrives at Fort Erie at 2 P. M.

N. B.—This route connects with the several Eastern Lines terminating in Buffalo and the Michigan Central to Chicago.

Tickets may be procured at the Depot and at 37 Exchange street, Buffalo, and at the Office of the Company's Agents, in New York, Albany, Detroit and Chicago.

Baggage checked through.

Fare from Buffalo to Detroit, \$6

Fare to Chicago, 13

No extra charges.

N. B. WALLACE, Sup't. B. & R. W.

Sup't. Office, opposite Erie Depot.

Buffalo, August 2d, 1854. 111



HIGHLY PERFUMED with Rose Geranium, Citronella, and other choice Odors. This article is introduced to the attention of the public after its virtues have been thoroughly tried. It is a significant and gratifying fact, that all who have used the

ROSE COMPOUND, have been delighted with its effects. We do not believe a single case has occurred where it has failed, when used according to its directions, to stop the premature loss of the hair by falling out; and we give the most positive assurance that it will be found on trial to possess all the qualities required for its purpose, and has already secured such general commendation.

As an article of daily use for dressing the hair, it rapidly taking the place of Hair Oils, Pomades, etc.

DELICIOUS PREPARED AND WOODEN CUT POWER IN PRESERVING AND MAINTAINING A PERMANENT GLOSSY SOFTNESS.

The superiority of the ROSE HAIR GLOSS in this respect, consists not merely in its lubricating elements, but is chiefly attributable to its efficacy in cleansing the scalp of scales or dandruff, stimulating the vessels and promoting the healthy secretion of Nature's own Hair Oil.

The first application of the Rose Hair Gloss should be abundant, not forgetting the vigorous friction and rubbing into the roots of the hair. Afterward a small quantity is sufficient, and the beneficial result will soon appear; the hair, before harsh, crisp and dry, becomes invested with a dark, rich lustre; the scalp is clean, free and healthy; the thin, feeble filaments grow out thick and strong; and by a continuance of this care, the hair will be preserved in its original healthy luxuriance; unchanged as to quality and color to the remotest period of his life.

The small quantity required to produce these desirable results and the LOW price for LARGE bottles,